BY MARY P. SCHUYLER.

It may be when we both are growing old

And youth has lost its charm—we shall not care,
Our heart's need not have in that time grown
cold;

Yes, in some other clime—some other land, I know that I shall clasp your warm, true hand.

It may be in the spring time, when the earth Gives kindly welcome to the sun's bright

In springing grass and modest violets,
With robins trilling forth their pure, sweet lays;
I would not hope to meet you in the strife
Of worldly cares which mar the joys of life.

Or we may meet in summer, when the fields Are rich with golden grain—when blooms flowers

And ripening fruits shed fragrance on the air.

Eclian breezes speed the swift-winged

hours:
Our time of meeting may be far away.
But still I know that we shall meet some day.

It may be in the autumn, when the trees

Have changed their airy hues to gold and

brown;
When earth, robbed of its verdure, seems to plead
For every faded leaf, slow, fluttering down;
But though the autumn winds may sadly sigh,
We may not meet in sorrow, you and I.

Or we may meet in winter, when the earth
Is robed in fleecy folds of purest white,
With crystal gems on housetop, tree, and tower,
Reflecting beauteous rays of changing light;
We may have reached the winter of our age,

With tear-drops blotting life's close-written page. Or we may meet in that bright world above, B) youd death's valley, in that Aidenn where Lost joys are all regained—loved ones restored, No restless yearnings—no unanswered

Ah, yes, dear friend, I know we shall meet there, And we may meet on earth some day—somewhere.

# A PLUCKY GIRL.

BY CAPTAIN JAMES MONTFORD.

"Relate your experience as a prisoner, Colonel," said the worthy's wife, as he declared his inability to furnish a story for that evening.

"You have already heard that, which is no adventure of mine, by the way, or at least I played a very unimportant part."
"It's so long since I heard it that the cir-

cumstance has escaped my memory," returned the lady. The Colonel acquiesced and said:

"It is a pretty story enough; but the heroine did not consider me in the least, I can promise you. Did you never think how seldom an adventure crosses the path of a married man? They are either shot dead, and there is nothing to tell, or-

"Perhaps the actors keep the story to themselves," I suggested, "for fear of more adventures at home.

"Well, I was a party in the affair, if not a principal, and the matter is as follows: There was a young man, whom I will call Frank Tooke, in my regiment. He was the nephew of a farmer dwelling in Missouri near the place where I was located at that time.

"Frank had entered the service without his uncle's consent, and, indeed, against his 'learings' in the contrary direction.

"His distaste was not so strong, however, ·but that he invited the story-teller to ac- | the following account of her plan: company Frank to the farm-house to tea. "I refused twice or thrice; but as the Farmer continued his solicitations, I at last appointed a day, and accompanied by Frank, rode over to the farmer's house. We were well received, and everything

"But one object of my observation was with their prisoners, she, with the aid of a se young woman who displayed so much negro, equipped the steeds, and followed the young woman who displayed so much energy a few hours later.

"She was the daughter of a neighbor, and us I soon supected from several glances I witnessed between Frank and herself, she had been invited by Mr. Tooke's daughters to meet their cousin.

eyes, bright and good-natured. As I sat alone with Frank for a few minutes just before sundown, he told me all about her, and something that seemed to interest him above the rest-she was his promised wife.

soon after night set in it descended. "It was a warm evening, and the windows of the sitting-room, opening out upon a long veranda, had been raised to admit the

"We were seated quietly, listening, I bethe antiquated organ, when I happened to

stepping in through the window, was followed by half a dozen men.

"All was excitement and alarm. The women screamed, and old Mr. Tooke tion of a future sketch. swore: but it was all of no use.

neighborhood, and I at once concluded that I had fallen into their power.

"They had surrounded the house, and es-

were soon bound to our chairs at the mercy - of the rascals. They did not attempt to plunder the Perhaps they had some respect for | ing element of any kind than Los Angeles.

Mr. Tooke's principles, but nothing he could say prevailed upon the fellows to redease their prisoners.

citement was over Miss Brady, Frank's betrothed, seemed to become strangely com- miles. From the grand old ocean come

Mr. Tooke, and then left the room. "The old man came up to the leader of the gang and invited him to partake of a ally cold collation and some liquor he had that o'clock in the morning and continuing till

day procured. "This offer was accepted at once, and the outlaws were very merry for half an hourso long as the liquor lasted-but they were careful to have a guard upon us, and no body can enjoy. I never slept so soundly opportunity presented itself for our escape.

At last they prepared to leave the house, and we were led into the yard and mounted supon a pair of poor horses behind two powerful ruffians.

"The band rode off at a good pace, which was kept up until we arrived at a thick wood upon the bank of a river, five miles from Mr. Tooke's residence.

and their foothills. These elevations present an almost unlimited variety of shapes and colors. The nearest foothills are "This seemed to be the rendezvous of the

gang, for fires were smoldering and a few of the higher peaks are not more than camp utensils were scattered about upon three or four miles further away. In the

the ground. "Dismounting, the horses were picketed, sand the maranders prepared to turn in for

the might. "Blankets were furnished us, but we were onot in a condition to court sleep with any

"Mercy was an article to be expected from the gang only so long as it suited their now residence portions of the town, and inclinations; they were liable to drag us to the view to be had from any one of these execution at the least alarm.

Guards were set around the camp, and soon all was quiet. "An hour or more dragged away. You held anything of the kind so beautiful. may imagine how pleasant I felt with the

prospect of meeting a miserable death in the morning. "Disgrace was certain at least, for I would country whose climate is superb, pleasant,

lease was small, for there was no exchange of prisoners with the guerrilla band.
"But suddenly I heard a slight noise at

my side. We lay at the foot of a tree, wrapped in our blankets, side by side. By the smoldering light of the fire I saw hand appear from behind the tree. "It rested upon Frank's shoulder, while

"Be quiet—help is near."
"The young fellow started violently, his lips parted, and I feared he would alarm the foes.

"But be choked back his astonishment, and soon recognized the speaker as Miss Brady. "'Are your hands free?' she asked in

whisper. "'No,' returned Frank in the same tone. "She moved cautiously forward and severed the bands. I was soon afterward re-

leased.
"'Where is the sentinel?' I asked, still lying in the same position, 'and tell us how you came here, that we may know how to

'The fellow is upon the other side of the camp, upon the ground; I believe he is asleep "But who is with you?' asked Frank;

you did not come alone.' " 'A negro servant is all. I have horses, though; you must slip away.' "We rose up carefully from the ground, and slipped away after Miss Brady, who led

the way toward the horses. "As we reached the place where they stood, the young woman gave an exclama-

tion of startled surprise, and turned back quickly. 'There's the sentinel,' she whispered "Looking forward, I saw the shadow of a tall man but a few feet distant.

"He was coming directly toward us, and, as his eyes were fastened upon me, I knew my presence had been discovered. "Determined to resist recapture, I moved

forward. "He mistook me for one of his comrades probably, for he came directly up to me without a word.

"I knew that I would be recognized immediately, and resolved to take advantage of the man's ignorance of my intent. "As he came within reach I leaped upon him and seized his throat.

"He gave a yell of surprise and fear; but Frank came to my assistance and the ruffinn was soon silent.

"But his yell had aroused the camp, and we heard the outlaws run to their weapons and answer the sentinel with wild cries. " 'Come on,' cried Miss Brady, running forward toward the point where the horses

were concealed. "We soon came upon a negro who held three horses, and an instant later were in

"As we galloped out of the woods the bushwhackers were at our heels. "The horses we rode were poor, and,

one was double loaded, escape would have been impossible had it not been for the fortunate arrival of a posse of soldiers from the camp. "The mauraders at once ran off at the

appearance of re-enforcements, and we saw inclination; for the old gentleman had them no more.

'leavings' in the contrary direction. "Half an hour later we reached Mr. Tooke's farmhouse, when Miss Brady gave

> When she saw her lover captured by the guerrillas, she had hurried to the negro quarters, and dispatched a boy to the camp

for aid. "This was a good move, as the plunderers would not have been easily done to make the visit pleasant; but as it discovered; but the girl was plucky, and as contains nothing remarkable I shall pass it. she saw the men preparing to quit the place

upon the trail.

"The remainder had been accomplished with ease; for the gang expected nothing of the sort, and were off their guard.

"But it is not every young woman nowmeet their cousin.
"She was a pretty girl, with dark hair and tion and courage."—Chicago Ledger.

## The City of Los Angeles.

The city of Los Angeles, the commercial center and largest municipality of South-"So far the visit was fair as could be de- ern California, is a curiosity; or, rather, it scribed; but misfortune was gathering, and is made up of numerous curiosities, such as are not found in any portion of the United States but the Pacific coast. The city contains a population of fully 35,000 persons, and the number is steadily ncreasing. This number includes about 5,000 Chinamen, nearly all of whom Aieve, to the mistress of Frank's affections live in that portion of the city known as while she played a rollicking war tune upon | Chinatown. Their habitations (I can hardly call them houses) are in a cluster, near uneasiness among the laboring classes: turn toward the windows, and saw a sight the center of the corporate limits, but that brought me upon my feet immed-north of the business center. Their abodes, shops, stores, costumes, habits, "A large, bearded man stood upon the etc., are as unfike those of the American veranda looking into the room. He held a people as can well be imagined; and the long rifle in his hands, and as I rose pre- visitor who gets inside of these quarters sented it at my head.

"'No resistance," he said, harshly, and things to be seen and heard, finds it diffiand comes in contact with the curious cult to realize that he is not in China instead of the United States. My own observations in Chinatown will form a por-

The population of the city also includes "I had been warned before coming to the farm house that a detachment of Hilde- whom lived here long before the town grew brand's bushwhackers were lurking in the to be anything more than an old-fashioned. uncouth, and almost unknown trading post and ranchmen's headquarters. These, like the other denizens of the now thriving city, cape was imposible. Frank and myself are, as a rule, quiet, orderly, well-behaved people. In fact, I have never been in any ity of equal size where there was less drunkenness, rowdyism, or peace-disturb-

The location of the city is as beautiful and picturesque as one could wish to see. It is in the richest portion of the Los An-"I heard that after the first burst of ex- geles Valley, with the Pacific Ocean on the west and south, distant sixteen to twenty "She whispered a few words in the ear of through the summer months, when they are most needed. These breezes come as regularly as the days, usurising about ten or eleven evening. Thus is the intense heat of the sun at mid-day made tolerable, and the nights are so cool that sleeping under at least one blanket is a luxury which everyand restfully anywhere else, in all my peregrinations, as I do near the Pacific coast with the giorious sea-breezes fanning me all night long.

On the west and north are the Sierra Madre and the San Bernardino Mountains within a mile of the city limits, and some after part of the day, when the sun is dipping down into the ocean, the hills and mountains appear to be much nearer than they really are, and loom up like a grand wall of granite, as if built on pur-pose to shield the city from the vast world ying to the east and north of it. Some of these foothills reach around into what are elevations is picturesque and lovely beyond description. In all my travels I have never before, up to the hour of this writing, be-

The business men and property owners of Southern California are both lucky and shrewd. They are lucky in being in a be carried away into the mountains, far off | salubrious, and beautiful, almost beyond from my command. The prospect of re- the power of exaggeration. They are ing.

shrewd enough to take advantage of this fact and utilize it for business purposes.

The Pacific coast region has a monopoly of about all the good, healthful, reliable, all-the-year-round climate to be found in the United States, and the Californians know it. They know, also, that the people of the regions east of the Rocky Mountains are every year becoming more dissatisfied with the cold and blizzards of winter and the heat, cyclones, thunderstorms and sudden changes of spring and summer. Hence they are turning their thoughts and faces toward the Pacific coast as a region where such objectionable meteorological conditions are unknown. They are flocking to this favored region by hundreds and thousands, some intending to remain only a portion of the year, and many others with a purpose to make investments and establish mes for themselves and families. All these new comers are heartily welcomed by residents of the country-especially by realestate agents, hotel-keepers, and proprie-tors of "rooms to let." Thus does the man who is already established on the ground profit by fresh arrivals. A constant stream of immigration keeps business lively, and there is little or no complaint of times" in California. Visitors and new settlers must be cared for; they want accommodations, they homes, they are liable to chase land or town lots; and in a variety of ways their wants must be catered to. Hence the business man or property owner smiles a sweet, happy, velvet-trimmed smile whenever he learns that a new invoice of strangers has arrived from the East,-Ralph E.

A New Poem by Poe. A correspondent of the New York Critic recalls general attention to a poem published some years ago in the Dispatch, of Kokomo, a little town in the State of Indiana. The poem is-or was-in the possession of an inhabitant of Kokomo, whose grandfather kept an inn in Chesterfield, a little village near Richmond, Va. One night a young man, who showed plainly the marks of dissipation, appeared at the door and requested a room, if one could be given him. He retired, and the inn people saw no more of him; for the following morning, when they went to call him to breakfast, he had disappeared, leaving only a book, on the fly-leaf of which was the above poem, "written in Roman characters, and almost as legible as print itself." The manu-cript contains not an erasure or a single interlineated word, and is signed "E. A. The peculiarity of the writing, the description of the young man, and the characteristics of the poem point to Poe as the author. The evidence-external and internal-seems in the opinion of the correspondent, Mr. Brenner, to render the authorship more than probable-almost certain. The poem is en-

titled "Leonainie," and is as follows: Leonainie-angels named her, And they took the light Of the laughing stars, and framed her In a smile of white;

And they made her hair of gloomy M dnight, and her eyes of bloomy Moonshine, and they brought her to me In a solemn night. In a solemn night of summer,

When my heart of gloom Blossomed up to greet the comer Like a rose in bloom; All forebodings that distressed me I forgot as joy caressed me (Lying joy that caught and pressed me In the arms of doom !) Only spake the little lisper

In the angel tongue : Yet I, listening, heard her whisper : Songs are only sung
Here below that they may grieve you—
Tales are told you to deceive you—
So must Lednainie leave you

While her love is young Then God smiled and it was moraing, Matchiess and supreme; Heaven's glory seemed adorning Earth with its esteem; Every heart but mine seemed gifted With the voice of prayer, and lifted Where my Leonainie drifted

Wages and Living in Egypt. D. N. Richardson, editor of the Davenport Democrat, writes from Cairo, Egypt, relative to the pay and living of the laboring class in that region. It may be interesting here, when there is just at this time so much

All the embankments made to hold the Nile in check, all railroad fillsand these great works are myriad-are done with human hands, children and coolies packing the dirt in little baskets on their heads. Horses and carts might be used, but then what would the lowclass people do to get their 10 to 15 cents a day, which goes to buy their daily bread and drilling shirt? To clothe these people costs a dollar or two a year. To feed them, say 5 cents, perhaps, a day-but that is rather high. The stuff they eat—some greens, a very little coarse bread, some sugarcane to chew, make up the measure of their daily food.

You think this state of things severe, but have you never thought in your great land of peace and plenty that the time will come when America will be over-populated, when wages will fall off, and land get very dear, and people will fare no better than these I'm telling of? To be as densely populated as this land is, Iowa should have 720,000,-000 of people, instead of the 1,750,000 cool, gentle, and refreshing breezes all that she now has. Figure on that awhile and you will find no space for wages beyond what is paid here; nothing but huts to live in and the cheapest, coarsest sort of food.

Too Much Hard Work. If anybody doubts that farmers have to work hard to get ahead, let him look at the number of broken-down, dvspeptic farmers' wives, barely turned of forty, that you see at State and county fairs. The farmer cannot hide his land or his stock-it is inevitably taxed; and it is a smart, industrious, sober, energetic farmer that can make his farm pay 6 per cent. in New England. Hundreds of sturdy farmers in Vermont make less than this off their farms; and too many of them are tortured to death by the effort to pay for a farm they have bought, with a mortgage attached. If it be true that the farming class contributes largely to the insane, it is not because they are brooders over the little, mean, local woes of life; it is because, as a class, they work very hard, both men and women; because they have to carry more anxieties and troubles, with less time for relaxation, than the city worker of the same grade of intelligence. - Popular Science News.

SINGLE-MINDED men always succeed. single; if it be double, the wedge is The Future of Society.

It has chanced to the writer to read

recently a number of memoirs, biographies, and sketches, all intended to describe "society" in its technical sense
—the upper society, that is, of great
capitals, the large group of more or
less idle persons which in every European country has drawn together round the center of affairs, be it court, parliament, or conspicuous person, called itself and thought itself "the world," has given laws to manners and greatly influenced morals, and in all ages has attracted to itself for no obvious reason an exceptional attention and regard. It is not an interesting study, except for an object, and one is soon startled to see how little variety it presents; but it is impossible to read such accounts without noticing that society," in its limited sense, though without demonstrable valson d'eter, is ing whether, if indestructible, as time advances, grows worse or better. The closer you study European history the more certain are you to find a limited yet large circle which surrounds the center of power, which claims for itself most of the enjoyments of life and secures them, which the millions around regard with admiration, or envy, occasionally sav-age batred, but which itself does little or nothing to draw to itself that exceptional attention. It simply is, and continues to be, floating at the top, apparently without effort, and though rapidly fluctuating in its components, still marked by the presence of its constituents, such as the great families, which hardly change. It is always frivolous, always attentive to ceremony, always more or less vicious, and always in want of fresh supplies of cash, which it wastes profusely; yet it does not pass away. You find it as powerful round Napoleon III.; as marked in the time of Charles II., as of Queen Victoria; and allowing the difference of manners, always showing the same characteristics. All within it are seeking distraction; all are self-willed and in a way lawless, yet without independence; and all, as a body, seek money. The satirists of to-day who describe

Berlin, Vienna, Paris and London, all notice the money greed of "society," the intrusion into it because they bring money of vulgar Jews, the taint of jobbing which sticks to some of its real and most of its factitious eminencies; but all that is very old. Legacy-hunting was a trade with the Roman aristocracy; society in the middle ages hungered for grants of land, heiresses' courted farmers-general as the little society of M. Grevy courts German and Levantine Jews, and contracts were competed for by courtiers two hundred years ago, as "concessions" and "early information" are now. There is no change in objects, and as to methods there is probably an imment from art, which is sometimes gen-Whatever the change, however, "socipolitical events. It emerged smiling, nit of my society." interesting, and corrupt from the cataclysm of the French Revolution, which for one short hour did completely subwas more conspicuous than under the Directory, when nobody had anything; after the French invasion, fortunes

coveted by great persons. religious revivals have only touched it progress of intelligence has made but its amusements a little more varied. 'society" might grow a little worse. It attracts wealth more than ever. becoming cynical under the microscope to which it is exposed, its members feeling that if they are to enjoy at all

### The Influence of Fiction. In the Contemporary we have one

of those interesting glimpses into the secrets of their art which novelists occasionally vouchsafe to the public. Miss Vernon Lee contributes "A Dialogue on Novels," in which four persons, one of whom is an English and another a French writer of ; ction, discuss novels and novelists generally as they wander over the moorlands near the home of the Brontes. One of the black."-Tid-Bits. party gives the following view of the influence of the novelist's art up on humanity: "When we think of the difference in what I must call secular, as distinguished from religious, inner life, between ourselves and our aucestors of two or three centuries ago-the question must come to us: Whence this difference? Social difference, due to plain a great deal; but they will not explain all. Much is a question of mere development. Nothing external has altered; only time has passed. Now, what has developed in us such a number and variety of moral notes which did not exist in the gamut of our fathers? What has enabled us to follow consonances and dissonances for which their moral ear was still too coarse? Development? Doubtless; just as development has enabled us to execute-nay, to hear-music which would have escaped the comprehension of the men of former days. But what The wedge, says Carlyle, will rend is developed? A mere word, a mere rocks, but its edge must be sharp and shibboleth, unless we attach to it the conception of a succession of acts which to the rich; turtle soup is sweeter in bruised in pieces, and will rend noth- have constituted or produced the the mouth of the poor clerk than in change. Now, what, in a case such as that of the surfeited alderman,

this, is that succession of acts? We have little by little become conscious of new harmonies and dissonances, have felt new feelings. But whence came those new harmonious and dissonuaces, those new feelings? Out of their predecessors; the power of to-day's perception arising out of the fact of yesterday's. But what are such perceptions? and would mere real life suffice to give them? I doubt it. In real life there would be mere dumb, inarticulate, unconscious feeling-at least, for the immense majority of humanity-if certain specially gifted individuals did not pick out, isolate, those feelings of real life, and show them to us in an ideal condition where they have a merely intellectual value, where we could assimilate them into our conscious ideas. This is done by the moralist, by the preacher, by the poet, by the dramatist-people who have taught mankind to see the apparently indestructible, or wonder broad channels along which its feelings move, who have dug those channels. But in all those things, those finer details of feeling which separate us from the people of the time of Elizabethnay, from the people of the time of Fielding-who have been those that have discovered, made familiar, placed within the reach of the immense majority subtleties of feeling barely known to the minority some hundred years before? The novelists, I think. They have, by playing upon our emotions, immensely increased the sensitiveness, the richness, of this living key-board; even as a singing master, by playing on his pupil's throat, increases the number of the musical intervals which he can intone."-Literary World.

### The Late John B. Gough.

In a sketch of John B. Gough, who died as he had lived upon the platform, and who was to the last one of the most popular of public speakers, and, Charles the Bold, or Philip II., or after Father Mathew, the most famous Henri Quatre, as around Louis XV., or apostle of temperance, it was stated that although a very generous man, he declined to lecture for the benefit of enterprises and societies of all kinds, which constantly applied to him. It is to be hoped that nobody regrets his refusal or thinks him to have been less generous because of the refusal. There is no more common or more unpardonable form of mendicancy than that which asks this kind of alms. Mr. Gough received a very large income from his public lectures, and of this money he was not avaricious. On the contrary, he gave liberally, and often, doubtless, to the very objects for the benefit of which he was vainly asked to lecture. A man practices his profession or pursues his business for his livelihood and the support of his famiappanages, and court pensions; the ly, and he determines for himself the grand society of Louis XIV. amount and direction of his gifts and

charities. That is what the charitable society forgets which asks a singer to sing, or an actor to act, or a painter to paint a picture, or a lecturer to give a lecture, for its benefit, upon the score of charity. One of the hard working guild of lecturers some years ago replied to a provement. Cruelty has been struck solicitation of this kind by asking the out of the list of permissible detrac- chairman of the committee what busitions; sexual vice, if still a motive ness he pursued. "I am a dealer in power, is far less cynically coarse; lux-ury has got itself a varnish of refine- Chairman," sa'd the lecturer, "I am very much interested in a little society uine; and idleness, though still dom- like yours in my own town; now let us inant, is broken by a quantity of thin be fair: I w.ll give you the profits of but harmless intellectual interests. my business for one evening for your society, if you will give me those of ety" has lasted on. It has survived all your business for one day for the bene-

The good chairman stared and smiled. The lecturer continued: "Have you applied to our friend Mr. Sheepskin, merge it; it remains unaffected by the the attorney?" "No; what for?" asked slow decay of the prestige of birth; and the chairman. "Why, to aid your sowe see no sign that it is seriously c'ety by contributing a day's fees?" threatened by the progress of democ- The chairman smiled and looked puzracy. National poverty, one would zled. "What I mean," said the lect-think, would weaken it; but it never urer, "is simply that there is no more reason why you should ask me to give you the entire profit of my business for and it was rampant in Berlin when, a certain time than to ask anybody else to do the same thing. The fact that I were not, and £100 a year was a salary am a lecturer is not a reason that you should make the application to me Will "society" ever get better? His- rather than to a lawyer, or a merchant, tory does not suggest hope, for even or an artist. Do you ask Mr. Booth to bestow his receipts for next Saturday for a moment; misfortunes have never upon your society because your society sobered it, as witness the history of the is poor and wants money to buy car-French emigres and nobles, and the pets and cushions? Do you ask the proprietor of the Herald or Times to drop into your treasury all the money Indeed, if we were to calculate closely, that they may receive for advertisea probability would become visible that ments and sales on the first day of June? Do you ask Mr. Choate to hand It you over his professional income, as grows more skeptical than it did. It is nearly as he can compute it, for Monday, the 22d? To ask me for money is one thing; but to ask for a blank check with my signature is quite another.' they must disregard opinion, and it is The lecturer smiled as benignantly as deriving from the progress of democ- the chairman, but did not look in the racy a new and evil strength.—The least degree puzzled. "Oh!" said the chairman. "Precisely," returned the lecturer .- George William Curtis, in

## Harper's Magazine.

Justiflable Homicide. A woman had been brought into court, charged with attempting to poi-

son her husband. The Magistrate-"Have you anything to offer in your defense?"

She (in a hesitating voice)-"Y-e-s. your honor. My friends were all the time telling me how well I looked in

IF we are content to do or avoid certain things merely because we are compelled to do so; if we secretly wish that the constraint were removed so that we could bound back into opposite courses; if our hearts refuse their allegiance to what our hands seem forced to do-then we may be sure we are not political and economical ones, will ex- preparing for the law of liberty which awaits all who are able to value it. Good laws and intelligent obedience are the porch and entrance through which we must pass to dwell in the larger and freer courts of liberty, where a beautiful, loving loyalty will hold us closer to the right and the good than all penalties, or terrors, or re-

> HAWKS in old times were usually trained by being kept from sleep, it having been customary for the falconers to sit up by turns and watch the hawk and keep it from sleeping, sometimes for three successive nights.

BE even more affable to the poor than

Full moon—the honeymoon.

A FEAST of freezin'-ice cream. ALL played out -open-air concerts.

Ir is the "duck of a bonnet" that makes a young girl's head swim. "I was down once myself," remarked a feather in a lady's bonnet, when it

saw her take an emphatic seat on a banana peel. IT costs twenty-eight dollars a week to feed a circus tiger. At that rate what would the monthly board of a

catamount to? SPEAKING of drinking, it may be observed that the man who "can take it or leave it alone" generally takes it. -Boston Courier.

"Is THAT sailor intoxicated?" "Well, wouldn't swear to it, but he looks as if he had just doubled Cape Horn."-Boston Budget. A MINITSER may, occasionally be car-

ried away with the inspiration of his theme, but he generally gets back in time to take up the collection.-Fall River Advance. ARE we losing our teeth?" asks a St.

Louis editor. You might get Congress to send an exploring party into your mouth and find out and not burden your paper with things of no interest to your readers .- Estelline Bell. "COME, old fellow, don't take your losses so much to heart," said one Wall

street broker to another who had just lost heavily; "come, bear up!" "I will!" replied the other with determination; "never again will you find me on the bull side." "MOTHER," said a little girl to her

parent, who takes a great interest in charitable institutions, "I wish I were an orphan." "Why so, my dear?" Because I should see more of you, for you are all the time going to the orphan asylum,"-Boston Journal.

"WHAT's the matter with that man?" "Who, that lean, gaunt fellow?"
"Yes." "Alas, he is doomed. Two weeks ago he was the fattest man in "What caused him to lose all his flesh?" "He served as a Judge at a baby show."-Arkansaw Traveler.

"ARE you an advocate of home rule for Ireland, Mr. Henpeck?" "Indeed I am, and if my vote would insure it Ireland would have a monopoly of it." "How do you mean, sir?" "Why, I mean that as far as I am concerned Ireland is so entirely welcome to home rule that I would ship her at once, if I could, the sample of it that my wife has introduced and maintained in my household, and the sooner it was shipped the better."- Yonkers Gazette.

THERE is a man residing in Rondout who is very particular about the daily observance of family worship. His wife is a thoroughly good woman, but her religion is of a practical nature. She thinks there is a time for everything-family worship included-but that time, to her way of thinking, is not when a savory breakfast is all ready to be placed on the table. One morning when her husband's prayer was longer drawn out than usual, a suspicious smell of overdone biscuit was wafted slowly but surely toward her olfactory organs. She wriggled and twisted and thought of her biscuits. and at last, when the husband started off afresh on a new track, to which there seemed no end, she startled the good man by saying: "Lord! John, cut it short, I've bread in the oven." -Kingston Freeman.

DID HE EVER TALK TO A BOSTON GIRL? He had studied every lexicon from ancient Mede

to Mexican, Knew Assyrian, Sansorit, Greek; Knew the shape of sword and sandal of the Visigoth and Vandal. And the old Etruscan features and physique. He could write a song or sermon in old Celt.or

Ancient German,
And sing Italian songs and roundelays.
Describe Tiglath-Pilezer, the herbivorous Neb'chadnezzer,
And all the kings and queens of olden days.

He knew Nimrod, Noah, Cyrus, and the monarchs of Epiros,
And gave scholarly descriptions of their deeds;
He could lend an added spiendor to the ancient
witch of Endor,
And describe the early monarchs of the

Swedes. But when he turned to Russian, he reeled with the concussion Of a word that parched and paralyzed and

For Ivan - Adamowsi - Shanki - Ranoff - Peter-Squoskie Completely tied and tangled up his tongue.

They Sympathized with Each Other. The small boy had just taken a trip across his mother's lap, and as he came out of the house he gave indications that the passage had been a stormy

"Hello, Tommie," said his father, meeting him at the door. "What's the matter?" "Mother." he replied, sententiously. "So?" queried the father, who seemed

to understand the case. "Yep; trying to get blood out of a turn up, I guess; feels that way, any-The father shook hands sympathet-

# posted .- Washington Critic.

ically with his son and heir and then

The Life of the Party. Brown had lost his wife and was making out a list of those who were to be especially invited to the funeral cere-

monies. An intimate friend looked over his shoulder. "You surely are not going to forget

Jones?" "Jones?" "Why, certainly. We couldn't get along without him. He'll be the very

life and soul of the party."-Tid-Bits.

## The Decollete in Days of Old.

All the papers at the present are talking about the decollete dress. The fact is the square-neck toilet of to-day is nothing compared with former fashions. The corsage since 1200 A. D., has been periodically rising and fall-ing. In the fifteenth century Agnes Sorel is said to have worn costly gowns with trains one-third longer than any princess in the kingdom, and her "bosom bare to the waist." It was the custom "when Madison was President" for the belles to dress with similar freedom .-Memphis Times,

SMALL sevivce is true service while it lasts. Of friends, however humble, scorn not one.